A DOUBTFUL WIFE

By JEAN COWGILL

HER new spring dress blew about friskily. Her hat was a little unsettled. You must not think from that that she is at all a doubtful character. Quite the contrary. She is one of the angels of her neighborhood. Her neighbors will tell you that. Her husband she adores and next to him her church.

For about a month she has had a secret sorrow. It is one of those sorrows which sooner or later seem bound to creep into the lives of young married women. Yesterday was the culmination. When her husband went away in the morning she felt that there was a big, indefinable shadow between them. It was the shadow that has been growing all of the past month. He kissed her, to be sure, but there was a difference in her soul. She understood it completely. Then he did not look so fairly into her eyes as he had been wont to do. While they were eating breakfast she felt it, felt it when he ate the soft boiled eggs and drank his coffee. Of course she did not tell him. Sensible women have too much pride in themselves to do anything so foolish. She simply covered up her little heartache and

HER NEW SPRING DRESS BLEW FRISKILY.

smiled and chatted with him as she had always done.

In the hall she helped him on with his overcoat and stood holding his hat.

"What time will you be back this evening?" she said.

His eyes dropped. She knew that he was watching her through the corners furtively. She wanted to throw herself into his arms and snuggle her head up against the new spring coat collar and tell him all about it, but that same old pride would not let her do it. She smiled and smiled again, even when she felt certain that he was lying to her.

"I'll be home about five," he replied. "You'd better walk in the park for a couple of hours."

He took both her hands in his. The hat dropped to the floor.

"Good girl," said he. "One of these days she shall have a carriage and not be obliged to walk in the park."

"I don't mind walking," she said, bravely, though the big ache was still in her heart. "I like it."

He kissed her again and went out of the front door whistling. She stood for a moment where he had left her. Her eyes were dilated; soon the tears came. She flung herself into the depths of a big chair and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Oh, how he lies to me," she said, and then to make the awfulness more complete she repeated it. "How he lies, how he lies!"

Soon her mood changed. Her sorrow gave way to another feeling. That feeling choked out her sobs. It was not over half an hour before she came downstairs attired in her new spring dress, with her hat and shoes and gloves and everything to match. Straight from the door of her home she went two blocks to the elevated station and took the north-bound train.

At Congress street she left the elevated and went into a drug store. There she called up her husband's office.

"Not here," said the girl. "He came in and went out directly."

"Did he say when he was coming back?"

From the reply it was evident that the girl had not recognized her voice.

"It's hard to tell," was the response. "He hasn't been in the office regularly of late."

Without asking more she hung up the receiver. Through her clenched white teeth she murmured: "No matter how much it breaks my heart, I am going to find out the whole truth." That was how she happened to be standing on the corner of Congress street and Wabash avenue, with her skirts blowing and her hat sitting uneasily on her hair that was a little disordered. Not a thought of her appearance came into her head. Her sorrow had grown deeper as the morning grew brighter. All at once she became filled with a wild desperation. Regardless of wondering passers-by, she ran across the street to where a cabman stood complacently.

"Can you follow an automobile?" she said, breathlessly.

The cabman shook his head. "Can downtown, where the streets are crowded, but not any distance."

"Then can you tell me where I can get another automobile? I'm sure this automobile I want to follow will go away out into the country and around to all sorts of queer places."

The cabman laughed. "You'd better follow them in another machine," he said. "Which one is it?"

"That one there; that beautiful red one with the lady driving. If I only had an automobile now I could follow. It will be several minutes before they get out of that tangle."

Sure enough, the automobile, a coal wagon, a department store delivery wagon and a street car were inextricably mixed up. The two people who occupied the seat of the automobile were seemingly uncaring for the circumstance. Their conversation seemed to be very earnest. Now and then the man bent tenderly toward the woman and assisted her with the steering apparatus.

It was more than the poor little woman standing helpless on the street corner could endure. She made a start toward the automobile. Discretion caused her to retreat. With a despairing little cry she turned again to her cabman.

"If you'll get me a machine I'll give you a dollar," she said.

The cabman was sympathetic. "I was going to get you one anyway," he responded. "You wait right here until I come back."

He disappeared in the crowd that surged endlessly toward the Auditorium hotel.

When he came back with a motor car the pitiful little woman gave her instructions to the chauffeur briefly. "You are not to lose sight of that red runabout," she said. Then she entered the car and waited.

It was several minutes before the red car moved down Wabash avenue slowly. So engrossed had its two occupants been in their conversation that neither had looked about, so the little woman was quite unnoticed.

That was about 11 o'clock in the morning. Until three in the afternoon she followed the red runabout. A merry chase it led her, too. Once the car in which she was driving had to turn out into another street and run the danger of losing the game.

"That's a mighty fine car," said the chauffeur. "If I'd known it was anything like this I'd 'a' driven a newer machine myself. This is all right for little trips, but not for such a chase as this."

Her face grew white—whiter than it was, that is. "We musn't lose sight of it," she said. "If we do—" Here the road was rough. She finished the sentence to herself: "I'll go to a drug store and buy some carbolic acid."

This happened out beyond Fort Sheridan. In all those hours only one stop did the red machine make. Then the man went into a hotel and brought the woman a glass of water.

At three o'clock the red runabout turned homeward. Straight toward the city it came, even to the very front of the building in which was her husband's office. Half a block behind the white-faced little woman rode alone in her hired car. Great shadows were drawn in around her eyes. Her cheeks had grown hollow. Intense mental agony was in every line of her countenance. She halted her chauffeur, left the car, and paid him. A nice bill it was, too. The money she had meant to pay her week's household expenses with. Swiftly she walked toward the place where the red runabout stood. She paused in the entrance of the building, deliberately, and looked into the face of the woman who sat in the car. Her misery was complete. "She is younger and prettier and wears better clothes than I do," she acknowledged to herself. "The truth of it is, he's got acquainted with her somewhere and he just loves her more than he does me."

Her wonderings did not carry her farther. It was too much agony to wait for her husband to come out again. She went straight to the elevated station and took the south-bound train for her home.

She was moping in her room when her husband came whistling up the steps.

"I won't go down to meet him," she said to herself. It was the first time she had ever failed in that. He called to her, a little impatiently. "Oh, Nell, come down here, I've got something I want to show you."

She stuck her head out of her bedroom door and replied stiffly: "I've got too bad a headache to come down."

He was up the stairs four steps at a time.

"You look it," he said. "What on earth have you been doing with yourself? You look ten years older than you did when I went away this morning."

The tears welled up in her eyes and ran over.

"I've got enough to make me look older," she replied, looking at him with all the suspicion she could muster.

He did not catch her meaning. "Well, I've got something," he cried, "that will make you well in three minutes. Come here."

He lifted her up bodily in his arms and carried her down the stairs. With a roaring laugh he set her on her feet in the hall. He opened the hall door wide and took her by the hand.

"Look," he cried. "You won't have to walk any more in the park. I've been a whole month making up my mind to buy this thing."

He led her down the steps. A moment afterward she was perched up on the seat of a red runabout. Her eyes were shining and she had a very much ashamed feeling in her heart.

"Funny thing," said her husband, as they drove along at a goodly pace. "A woman sold me this machine. There's several of them in town now, demonstrators, you know."

"I'll never tell him," she said to me confidentially last night, "what an idiot I was!"—Chicago Chronicle.

CAPTURING AN ARMY.

Not an Easy Task Even Under the Most Favorable Circumstances — Some War Captures.

"It is no easy job," said the colonel, to the Inter Ocean correspondent, "to bag a defeated or retreating army. We had lots of experience in the Maryland and Pennsylvania campaigns, but we never bagged an army, in the east, until the Appomattox campaign in 1865. I was at that time in the Twenty-fourth army corps. From the minute that we got into position on the Petersburg front there had been beautiful fighting, day and night, up to the capture of Fort Gregg.

"After the inner line of confederate works had been taken we drew out and followed Gen. Sheridan's cavalry in a night march after the enemy. It was an exciting chase, and we expected a message from Sheridan every three or four hours to this effect: 'Bring up the infantry. We are driving the enemy like hell.' There was a sameness in the messages, but every one was received with cheers, and after the reception of each we would cut out after the cavalry with a quicker step.

"I remember particularly the message that came just before we got into line at Amelia courthouse. Sheridan was still calling for the infantry, and when we put in an appearance his men were making a rear guard fight, falling back under heavy pressure. However, as soon as we swung into position the cavalry struck out like a lot of wild horses of the road on which Lee was marching to Farmville. Gen. Walter C. Newberry, by the way, dashed into the confederate column at Paine's Cross Roads, cut it in two, and captured six guns and other war material.

"At Sailors' creek we struck Gen. Ewell's corps, and gobbled a good many prisoners. We struck the same corps at Farmville and doubled it up, but did not head it off until we reached Appomattox. There we pushed Gen. Gordon's corps back until we reached the brow of the hill overlooking Appomattox courthouse and the valley of the Appomattox river, on the slopes beyond which was drawn up Gen. Lee's army preliminary to surrender.

"We had bagged the army at last, but after the surrender we did not go into camp. That same afternoon Gen. Grant put the Army of the Potomac in motion for Danville, Gen. Sheridan leading. Gen. Grant had been in the bagging business before at Fort Donelson and Vicksburg, and he didn't seem to appreciate the feelings of officers and soldiers of the Army of the Potomac after their long chase. At all events, away we went as if the catching of an army was nothing to brag about."

A LONG LOST BOOK FOUND

Returned to Its Owner Who Left It Behind When Escaping from Old Camp Douglas.

Some time ago, James A. Buchanan, insurance agent of Indianapolis, Ind., strolled into the second-hand bookstore of Archaias Winter, No. 226 North Illinois street, and while looking about among the relics picked up a volume of Shakespeare, printed in diamond type, and marked at the knock-down price of five cents. Mr. Buchanan bought this old book, and looking through its pages found written upon the inside cover these words: "W. M. Woodward, Company I, Second Kentucky Cavalry, Duke's Regiment, Morgan's Brigade, Confederate States' Army." Turning the pages he found written in pencil in a number of places the words: "Frank G. Miller, prisoner of war, Camp Douglas, Illinois."

It occurred to Mr. Buchanan that this little book might be of some value as a keepsake to the owner if he could find him. Thereupon, he wrote a letter to the Louisville Courier-Journal, by means of which he found the owner, yet alive, engaged in business in Richmond, Va. Mr. Woodward wrote to Mr. Buchanan. It seems, by his letter, that he, as well as Mr. Miller, was a prisoner at Camp Douglas, near Chicago, from which place he escaped. He says: "When I took French leave of Camp Douglas, accompanied by the late Wood Longmore, of Kentucky, just 41 years ago this February, I was compelled to limit my baggage and left a considerable number of books as not being indispensable in a midnight climb over a 16-foot fence. I remember the book you mention, and shall be glad to get it back again."

Frank G. Miller, into whose hands the book fell after Mr. Woodward's escape, remembers the old book, but does not remember what became of it after the days at Camp Douglas. Mr. Miller has for many years been employed in the Marion county treasurer's office, Indianapolis. Mr. Buchanan will return the book to Mr. Woodward.

Setting Himself Right.

Wife (during the spat)—My friends warned me that you only wanted to marry me for my money.

Husband—With all due respect to your friends, my dear, they evidently overlooked the fact that you had quite a lot of valuable real estate.—Chicago News.

Memorial to Jewish Soldiers.

Field Marshal Lord Roberts has unveiled in the Central Synagogue, London, a memorial to the Jewish soldiers who fell in the British army in the South African campaign.

CONFEDERATE RATIONS.

How Gen. Pillow, C. S. A., Was Supplied with One Ration When He Wanted Thirty-Two.

"A correspondent with the Russian army," said Dan R. Anderson, "says the Russian officers and soldiers babble too much. All soldiers do, but as a rule they babble of things about which they know little or nothing. And where's the harm? Now, here is a story about which little was said at the time, but which is worth the telling now. In May, 1865, I was commissary of subsistence at Montgomery, Ala. The war was over and I was issuing rations to people who came for them. One morning a tall, military looking man, with hair and beard as white as snow, came to the table or counter where I was issuing rations.

"He asked if I was the commissary and introduced himself as Gen. Gideon J. Pillow. He confided to me that it was very embarrassing to him to ask assistance from enemies. I told him it would afford me great pleasure to follow the instructions in his case, and proceeded to weigh out a week's ration, so much bread, sugar, coffee, salt, soap, vinegar, candles, pepper, salt pork. I mentioned the quantity in each case and was enjoying the performance when he asked, 'How much is a ration with you?'

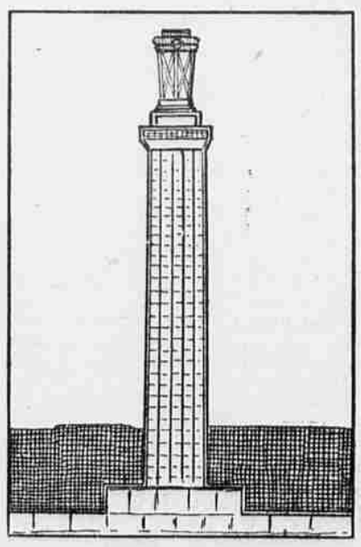
"I told him, reading the regulations for his entertainment. Thereupon he said, 'I am Maj. Gen. Gideon J. Pillow, C. S. A., and on your own showing am entitled to 32 rations.' This was a stunner, but I said, 'Great Scott, General, don't you know that the war is over, and that by the grace of the government your one ration is there on the table?' After I had agreed to send his ration to his house he turned to go, when his eye caught sight of a lot of confederate bills on the floor, dropped in the course of a poker game. Stooping he picked up a $50 note and offered it to me. I declined to take it, and drew from a box a handful of $20, $50 and $500 notes and tendered them to him.

"He accepted that as a sign that peace had come. I had at that time in my office 27 boxes, each containing $1,000,000 in confederate notes. In the basement of the state house there were several car loads of canceled confederate notes and bonds, and in the poker games of the time it was not unusual for our boys to say, 'I raise you a million.' While commissary I issued rations to the crew of the pirate Tallahassee and to thousands of Lee and Johnston's men on the way to their homes west of the Mississippi. In those days Uncle Sam did his duty by his erring children."

HONOR TO WAR MARTYRS

Sufficient in Hand to Erect Memorial Shaft at Fort Greene Park, New York.

After many years of trying to raise a sufficient fund to erect a monument to the American soldiers who died on British prison ships during the Revolution and whose bones now lie at Fort Greene park, in Brooklyn, N. Y., through subscriptions of the nation, state and city and of the general public, the Prison Ship Martyrs' Monu-



MONUMENT TO SOLDIERS OF REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

ment association has now collected $203,000, enough to complete the work.

At a meeting of the executive committee plans for the monument offered in competition were considered, and the award was finally made to McKim, Mead & White, architects, at No. 160 Fifth avenue. The plans have been approved by the secretary of war, Gov. Higgins and Mayor McClellan, and must now be passed only by the Municipal Art society before bids are advertised and the work of erection begun. The monument will stand over the martyrs' graves and will be completed within a year.

Treasure and Trombone.

Harry (reading aloud)—Thence two feet to a certain point, thence six inches to another, and thence three feet to—

Father—What's that you're reading, son?

Harry—It's a treasure story, sir.

Father (resuming paper)—Humph! sounds like directions for a trombone solo!—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Matter of Proportion.

Guest—Don't you like to have company to dinner?

Truthful Tommy—No'm. We have more to eat, but I don't get so much of it.—N. Y. Sun.

Varnished Butter.

A varnish of melted sugar applied with a soft brush is the novel protective coating for butter that is finding favor in Germany and England.